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Dear Peter,

We went to the Buddhist Temple in (NK) a bit ~~ago~~ ago. When ~~[illegible]~~ we were together in San Valley last June, Charley told me he wanted to write an epic poem. He didn't need to. His life was one. It was my life. I loved him. So our love and thoughts are with you. ~~Heart love + all our thoughts~~

Yours - Jan

If there is anything I can do, please, tell me, and I'll be in the next place.

His life was one.

He didn't need to. ~~He lived his life as one~~ Living is our humanity, ~~by~~ revealing our possibilities, elevating our language.

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He was not w/out pride ~~& guilt~~ —
though they walked & lived.
— close headlines, a voting & the bigger contract —
but He didn't seek the company of kings,
or presidents, or junta chieftains — the
of corporate lawyers or
high & the mighty. He listened to people
our humanity. And found it appalling people
who otherwise would never take honors or
He showed us our humanity. ~~Greatness in this~~
He was a patriot. He loved this/his
country, the land, and its people —
no, not indiscriminately, but deeply.

He had no patience for the arrogant or
~~for knaves~~, for the intolerant, pretense,
~~self-promoted~~.
He was not w/o faults, but they were hard & few by.
And except for the Yankees. No Carolin
brothers, he cheered the underdog.
the disadvantaged.

He was not afraid & capable, w/unutterable
glee: at pitching pennies at throwing rocks @
tetherballs at a roulette wheel, on a golf course.
He was ~~writer~~ gloried in the single word, the ~~turn~~ phrase,
~~the gloried~~ at unity the perfect.
~~phrase~~ the exactly apt sentence — & glorified
our language.
what effort it showed, in writing.
carved Rainbow Testaments It was in his head, at hand, in his bones
Plain, direct, eloquent, & he shared it willingly.

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I remember [illegible] clutching a [illegible] and [illegible] & [illegible] I remember [illegible] & [illegible] & [illegible] &

But it wasn't

He wasn't above all that — it
just wasn't his reason for living. It
simply did not define, or motivate him.
Failure defined him. He was
serious when he joked about it.

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didn't need a producer or a writer
or a director — but his unfailing
grace + generosity + gentlemanliness,
made a feel needed.

He wanted to make his own statement,
and he did. ~~Before all the risks from~~
And we were ~~privileged~~ fortunate
~~to~~ fortunate to have been with him at the end of it.

It wasn't sure if was ready to do.

He made me do things I
play golf at 7 days on a water-
logged course in NE — and in a hailstorm
in August
eat grits
(~~won't do~~) make my own films
play the number #27 because despite all
logic and ~~sadly~~ probability he was convinced it came up
more often than the other numbers on roulette wheel —
must get my expense reports in on time.